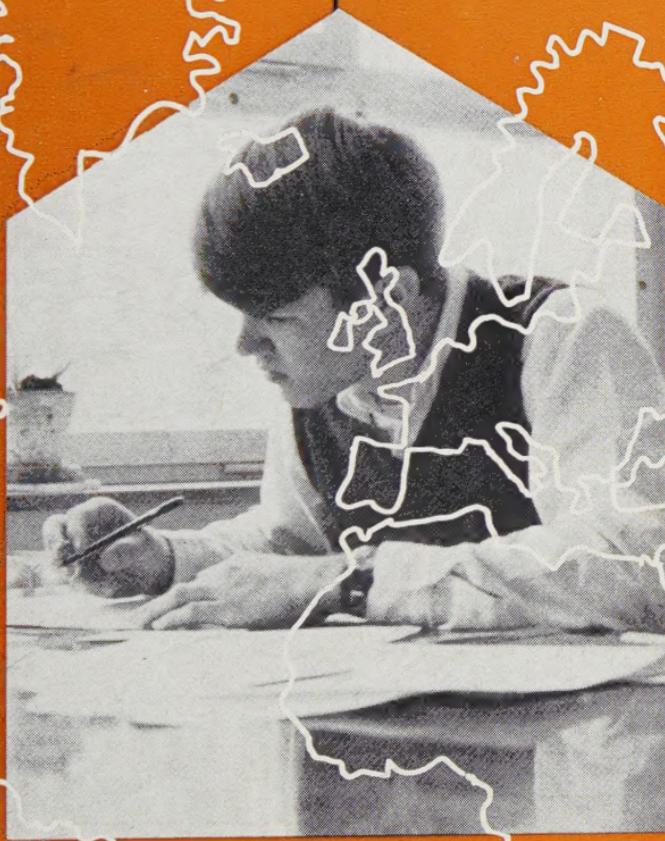


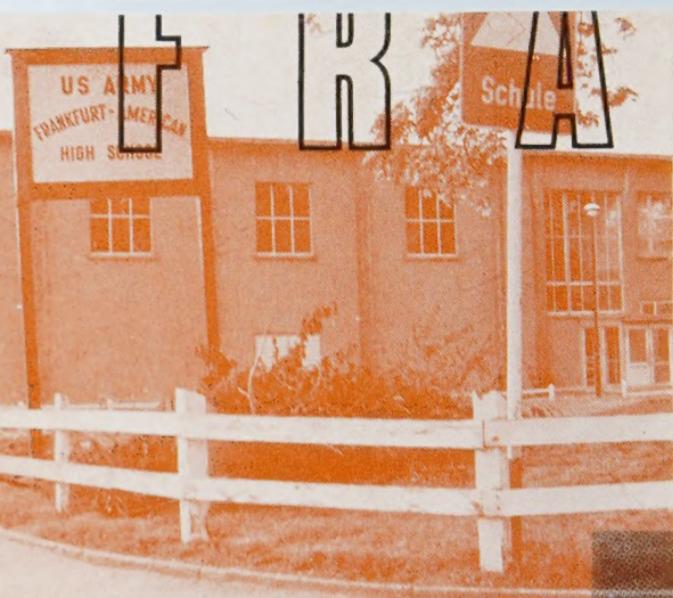
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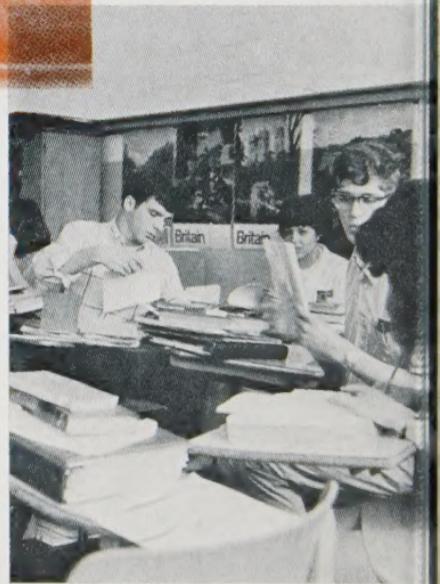
DECEMBER 1, 1968



**study overseas
new countries
new insights
new friends**



Frankfurt American High School, located in Frankfurt am Main, Germany, and attended by 100 American teens. Many are boarding students, whose parents work for the U.S. in one or another of the western European nations.



WHERE THE EAGLES NEST

BY KAY LORANS HANCOCK / Sounds floating from the biology classroom were a film narrator's frank and detailed description of the human reproduction system. Students in an English class were turning in term papers on "any subject dealing with life." Chemistry class was the scene of a Monday morning quiz. In preparation for the evening's PTA meeting, architectural students were frantically putting finishing touches on the models of homes they had designed and constructed. Kids interested in auto mechanics were transforming an old Renault into running, salable form.

Neither the cut of their clothes, the shape of their features, nor the twang of their accents betrayed their unusual situation. One would never suspect that these 1300 ordinary looking American students and more than 50 teachers had come from every continent except Antarctica, dozens of countries, and every state in the union to form the American High School in Frankfurt am Main, Germany. Who are these Americans from everywhere? Is this a situation unique in the American educational system?

One-third of the students in these classrooms in May were different from those who had been in the same seats when school started in September. Frankfurt was the third high school for some of them this year, and the majority would not remain there for the full span of their

sophomore through senior years.

Approximately 60 per cent of this transient student body are children of American military families stationed in Frankfurt or the surrounding area. The rest come primarily from civilian families whose fathers are employed by the Department of Defense or the Diplomatic Corps, but a few are children of businessmen who are working abroad. The Assistant Principal for extracurricular activities, A. J. Klein, estimates that fewer than ten per cent of the students have never lived abroad before; the majority have grown up in cities around the globe.

Unlike their contemporaries in the U.S., these students do not think of a home town—whether East Orange, N.J., or Detroit, Mich.—as the hub of the universe. "Frankfurt/Main, Germany, is another city in which they happen to live. They're aware they haven't lived here all their lives and that they will not live here all their lives." They can bring to their discussions observations from experiences in a number of other foreign countries. But, despite their cosmopolitan backgrounds, these teens remain very American. Both sexes are conscious of and share in the customs and fads currently popular in the U.S. "They want to preserve their identity as Americans," asserts Assistant Principal Klein, "and the school helps them to do so by providing the courses and extra-curricu-

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Class trips and family travel of
FAHS students many opportunities
to See Europe. Mr. A. J. Klein,
Assistant Principal for Extra-Cur-
ricular Activities, discussed life at
FAHS for YOUTH.

"I've lived overseas most of my life. In
fact, I was born overseas. I've only lived
four straight years in the U.S. The only
thing I miss is driving. We can't drive
here until we're 18." Nick Panos

"My family has been in Sweden for three
and a half years. Before that I hadn't
been overseas—we lived near New York
City." Monica Olsen

lar activities that would be available in an American school."

"Typically middle-class Americans" is the label given these students by one adult observer. All their fathers are working and want promotions. Economically the highest paid individual working for the government is probably earning only four or five times more than the lowest paid, so the extreme financial differences existing in the U. S. society as a whole are not present here. The kids, too, share the middle-class motivations of their parents; the majority want to go on to college.

Who teaches these students who are "typically" American and middle-class, yet widely traveled and atypically familiar with the world outside the continental U.S.? "Adventuresome types with good qualifications," Mr. Klein responds. On an average, both teachers and administrators are younger than a state-side faculty and this relative youth, observes Mr. Klein, permits a good three-way rapport between students, teachers, and administration. Supplementing the "imported" staff are qualified teachers who are wives of military men stationed in Frankfurt, and German nationals who teach all the German language courses.

Do the teachers, because they have come to Europe to work, bring to their jobs a broader perspective, a deeper interest in culture and politics? "On the cultural side," remarked a female student, "they do bring something to their work because of all they have seen and the experiences they have had. I have one teacher who goes to London to see all the plays and comes back

raving that we must see this play or that. It makes you feel that culture is really great!"

What the teachers teach and the students learn parallel the program in any stateside high school. The majority of courses are presented just as they would be on U.S. soil, but a few flourish particularly well in the German environment. Mr. Martin, chairman of the art department, "wouldn't exchange Frankfurt for any place in the U.S." A total of 27 field trips in his 1967-68 art course testify to the fact that Germany provides more than enough museums, art galleries, castles, centers of ivory carving and pottery making, to supplement richly the in-class activities. English and humanities teachers also travel with their students to museums or sites of literary interest in the area.

Chemistry students are able to take advantage of German chemistry facilities in nearby laboratories. Kids in a computer math course spend three hours a week working with a couple million dollars worth of equipment in the Data Processing center in Frankfurt. Although the students live in the middle of a perfect language lab, German is less a linguistic favorite than French. Twenty to 25 students who speak fluent German are studying German literature in an advanced class, but according to the assistant principal, "they are certainly not typical." Most students laugh embarrassedly when asked, "Do you speak German?" and reply, "A little."

Extracurricular activities at FAHS are those on the roster in every U.S. high school. In the unexpected



The Eagles Nest is a favorite lunch-time spot for students.

category is a fencing club taught by a European *Meister* (master) in fencing. Assistant Principal Klein meets weekly with a group interested in motorcycles. Mr. Meecham, the drama teacher, insists that all cast members sign contracts. If an actor misses a rehearsal, he breaks his contract and is fired. (This year's production of "Once Upon a Mattress" was acclaimed by the audience as better than the records they had of the original.) Mr. Reid and Miss Johnson, the band and choir directors, have established contacts with the German community and both instrumental and vocal groups perform often. Germans frequently hire the band to play for an affair and offer them as much as 600 DM (\$150) for their services. Students with a yen for radio broadcasting write the scripts for and run a Saturday morning disc jockey show over the Armed Forces Network in Frankfurt.

In competitive sports, the only exception to the American rule is that soccer replaces baseball as the

major spring sport. The short, rainy European spring causes too many difficulties for a baseball season. Athletics is one of the key areas of contact among the American high schools in Europe. In competition with American teams from Weilbaden and Kaiserslautern, the Frankfurt "Eagles" won the 1967 varsity league football championship. The team traveled as far as London for one game. Athletes in all the varsity sports have an opportunity to play teams in other European cities.

We're "sort of one big family here" was a description of the general relationship among American high schools in the military system in Europe. In addition to competitive sports, students from the schools in Germany, Belgium and England meet for leadership conferences and music festivals. Clubs at Frankfurt correspond with counterpart clubs in other schools.

Frequent contact with other American high schools does not exclude contacts with German *Gymnasiums* (academic high schools)

"If you want to go to college back home, you're better off, because of switching credits, to go to an American high school in Europe." / Nick

"Younger kids, though, sometimes go to local schools. My brother is 11 and goes to school here in Sweden. He's learned Swedish and met Swedish kids and gets along fine." / Monica

Frankfurt. Through an exchange program with one *Gymnasium*, five German students attended classes at FAHS for one week, and American students (fluent in German) sat in on classes at the German *Gymnasium* the following week over a period of a few months. This fall a new teacher exchange program was initiated. A German teacher will teach his specialty at Frankfurt American High for a week, and a Frankfurt teacher will reciprocate at a *Gymnasium*. An extracurricular German-American club involving students from FAHS and Germans from various groups in the area meets every Tuesday. Non-varsity athletes arrange games and matches with Frankfurt teams, with the usual result that "the Germans are thrashed in basketball but do a good job in soccer."

Purely personal friendships between German and American students are unfortunately much rarer than official exchange programs. Mr. Klein explains that the overwhelming majority of Frankfurt students are "simply busy high school kids who are here all day, and on the weekends socialize with American kids who are doing the same

things they are doing." "Language is one major problem" in having German friends. Fifteen students from a group of 16 interviewed did their socializing primarily with other American teens; only one could claim several good German friends.

Are there real differences that the students might encounter in mixing German and American social customs? Vague answers included, "They (Germans) are much more mannerful. They always bring you flowers or candy when they come to your house . . . They can't dance, and in a discotheque you see German girls dancing with other girls. . . . The mentality is different too. They're almost fanatic about doing their school work perfectly and keeping their cars meticulously." The superficiality of these responses showed that no real attempt to mix social customs or to overcome initial awkwardness in friendships with someone of another nationality has been made.

German social customs are not, however, taboo when Frankfurt American teens socialize with one another. If the choice for the evening's jollies is between the Eagle's Nest, an American Teen Club across the street from the high school, or the *Schnelle Quelle* (Quick Source), a German bar, the latter will win the toss almost every time. Although school dances, parties, and other activities account for a large share of their social life, a number of students also enjoy indulging in the German national pastime—beer drinking. That the pastime doesn't come as naturally to American teens as it does to Germans is apparent in

the raucous, embarrassed laughter that greets the question, "What do you do for social life here?" One said, "Over here a kid is suddenly thrown out into European society, a drinking society, and he's got to learn for himself—parents can't make the decision for him—how far to commit himself with alcohol." Another commented, "American teens here think they're more mature than the kids who can't drink back home. That's nonsense. They're very immature. They just get bombed. It's a problem."

The single major conflict between administration and students at Frankfurt in the 1967-68 school year was, as one short-skirted girl phrased it, "DRESS!" "We don't have any set rules or dress code, so we're judged by the whims of certain faculty members—one administrator in particular has made most of the decisions relating to student appearance—and there has been something of an upset about it." To prevent recurring crises over the shortness of a skirt, or the absence of socks, the Student Council, with administration approval, formed an experimental Student Court. Composed of three seniors, two juniors, and two sophomores, the purpose of the court is "to show the administration how students feel on issues such as hair, length of dress, etc." and "to maintain student rights." "We don't want to write up a specific code on appearance," stated Wayne Godfrey, Student Council president, in the *Eagles Echo*. "We want to let students be free to dress as they like, as long as it does not offend. We're not going to have the

court become a monitory council to find mistakes, but rather to correct them as they come up."

Correcting the more serious problems caused by racial tensions in the student body, however, is a task larger than a Student Court could handle. Despite minimal differences in the students' economic and social backgrounds or the fact that they have lived in a variety of cultures, racial difficulties at Frankfurt American High School are a microcosm of the macrocosm existing in the U.S. Approximately ten percent of the student body is Negro, and this group forms a visible clique. Look in the Eagles Nest at lunchtime and you will see them eating at separate tables. Watch groups walking across the school yard, and you can identify them by color. Ask a group of 16 students if there are racial problems in the high school, and a Negro girl will reply, "I believe there are. If you look at us now we're in a group: the Negroes over here and the whites over there. We could have intermixed today, but we don't intermix." Assistant Principal Klein noted unhappily, "This year

"At Frankfurt, kids study French and German—about half and half. Most of these kids live in American housing areas, so they really don't see Germany—I mean the Germany where they speak German—unless they go downtown—far away from American areas." / Nick

"Before, I thought the United States was you know, the whole world. There wasn't anything else. Now it's different. I mean the United States doesn't seem like it's the only place to be, and you see other peoples' views." / Monica

for the first time our Negro students have felt left out. We have tried to work closely with them to avoid this, but we're feeling what is happening in the States over here, too."

"Racism here can be likened to a broadsword: destructive on both sides," asserted one of the most sensitive and searching students with whom we talked. "Both the Negroes and the whites are prone to racism, and equality is, therefore, ever more difficult to obtain. Most of the guilt, however, lies with the white members of the student body. The racism is for the most part not open and hostile, but is instead a general feeling of intolerance and unwillingness to associate with Negroes. As long as I have attended FAHS there has been no Negro girl as dance queen, in the queen's court, or chosen as a cheerleader. Does this mean that there are no attractive

Negro girls or no school spirited Negro girls capable of being a cheerleader? The answer is an emphatic NO. The reason is that the whites don't want any Negroes involved in their activities. The Negroes are fine, white students will assure you—as long as they stick within their own group. The attitude here is one of bare tolerance, with the emphasis on all-white activities. That the Negroes band together is only logical and not necessarily a sign of black racism."

Tensions on the international level provoke discussion at FAHS, too. Although many of their fathers are military men, students hold "every possible" view on Vietnam. "The faculty, too, represent both sides of the picture, so the kids are exposed to a variety of views."

Direct exposure to the German environment stimulates varying responses to local and European developments. The revolt of German high school and university students against a school structure that the American teens consider "awfully rigid" and "bound closely to custom that we don't have" arouses sympathy among FAHS students. But when the German youth carry their protests to the streets, Frankfurt American teens suggest "they may be going about it in the wrong way."

In assessing the larger issue of international communism, one female Frankfurt student remarked, "If I were in the U.S., I'd probably be indoctrinated with America the Beautiful and Communism the Wretched. Over here you go into East Germany, and you can see the people waving and smiling. They

English students check last-minute details before turning in their term papers.



aren't running around in flour sacks and all those horrible things." Should West Germany, then, as many of its liberal-left youth advocate, recognize East Germany and accept a permanent division of the nation? Silence answered this query and a lone voice asserted, "Bonn is to us the capital of free West Germany, but to the Germans the capital is still Berlin. To us it doesn't make much difference. Why should it?"

This air of disinterest exceeded the sparks of concern that the FAHS teens we interviewed exhibited toward current German issues. Living in Germany, they are detached from it. The special housing areas where Americans live permit them to remain isolated. As one student candidly commented, "Some Americans know a lot about what's going on here. Others merely say, 'Well, that's Germany.' They go to the PX, American movies, and stay only within the American community." Between the German and American communities this form of separatism breeds more aloofness and indifference than hostility. Those Americans who do venture forth into German society find many opportunities to know their neighbors and themselves. "Once you get outside the American community," observed a male student, "you're forced to take a stand one way or another, and most of the time when you hear someone talking about your cause as if it were against universal good, you think a minute, 'Well, what do I really stand for? What do I really mean to myself and my country?'"

"I'd say that if kids are going to live abroad they should try to learn the language, and, get some friends in the country if they can." / Monica

"When we were in Iran, the first couple of years I didn't speak a word of Arabic and didn't have too many Iranian friends. Towards the end of our tour there, I could speak a little more and I met more kids. It was a lot better." / Nick

These are also the questions that at least some of the American students at Frankfurt are asking from a religious perspective. That they are concerned with existential questions, however, does not imply that the church, as an institution, plays a significant role in their lives. As is usual in military communities, the various denominations hold their respective worship services in one Chapel, and this close association enables chaplains to plan joint worship services and other ecumenical activities. Yet, church life in Frankfurt left the majority of the 16 students we interviewed uninspired. "To me, the church is different over here," explained one male student. "Back in the States I was a regular goer every Sunday . . . Then we came over here and I heard this one fire and brimstone speech and I've never gone back."

"Our priests (all pastors are military chaplains) are rather apathetic," added a girl. "They have to keep moving around, they never get a solid parish, they don't baptize little junior and then have all the sacraments until he marries," close personal friendships that often exist between pastor and family are absent. Church youth groups, too, must "vie for one's time with many

other activities, such as the Teen Club, the AYA (American Youth Activities), Young Life, and group trips." Among existing Christian youth organizations, Young Life is the major exception to the apathetic rule. Fifty to 60 core members meet weekly to "discuss the relation of a young person's life to God," a ski trip to Switzerland which they planned involved 150 kids.

Among the many students who neither belong to Young Life nor are active in any church group, a number are simply too busy or disinterested. But some who are earnestly asking the tough questions leave the church "disappointed because it failed to provide satisfactory answers" when they probed: "How can one reconcile the teachings of the church with the relativity of morals? Why is there so much suffering in this world and so little hope? When Christianity forbids the killing of one's fellowmen, how can the Church bless and absolve soldiers before going into battle? How can a Christian nation dump

surplus food into the ocean? How can Christianity and racism exist side by side?" The basic problem for these searching young people is the "overwhelming incongruities existing between that which is said to be Christian and that which constitutes reality."

Posing these probing questions, drinking too much beer, taking a Monday morning chemistry test, traveling to London on a class trip or to Switzerland to ski—these students lead primarily American existences in a European setting, and enjoy some of the best of both worlds. All of them consider the U.S. home and intend to return there to work or study, but all "definitely want to come back" to Europe too, because European countries have an "atmosphere they just love." ▼

KAY LORANS HANCOCK was a former Associate Editor of *YOUTH*. She spent the past year in Germany with her husband, a professor of modern European government at the University of Texas. MONICA OLSEN and NICK PANOS are two American teens, attending FAHS, whose families are assigned to the U.S. embassy in Sweden.

American students in Frankfurt contemplate questions posed by *YOUTH* magazine's reporter.



BY JANET MODY / Following publication of Burdick and Lederer's novel *The Ugly American*, every group in which I found myself exploded with conversation on the book's deplorable portrait of Americans working abroad. The authors depicted Americans who, by design, ignorance, or chance, lived in separate housing colonies, displayed scant knowledge of customs or religious beliefs, depended on interpreters for communication, judged behavior and attitudes by U. S. standards, socialized with local citizens only enough to be "patronizingly polite," and conveyed indifference or even contempt for the people and culture surrounding them.

This stereotype of the American abroad was further emphasized by the notorious reputation of American tourists who race through countries seeking American hotels, restaurants, and friends, gaze at the standard sights, and miss the opportunity to acquire insights into other peoples and cultures. Although in the novel the ugly American was the man who proved to be a sensitive exception to the stereotype, this term has come to label the American abroad who is aloof, ignorant or contemptible of his surroundings. Recent evidence suggests the ugly American exists not only abroad, but also at home.

This fall, over 100,000 students from other countries as well as more than that number of tourists, will be visiting in the United States. As the American wife of a foreign student, I have noted the strong tendency of many Americans toward the isolated and condescend-

at hom

THE UGLY AMERICAN



ing attitude exhibited by our counterparts abroad. Foreign students feel strongly that Americans are un-receptive to diversified friendships or exchanges of ideas. Studies show many foreigners come to the United States with positive feelings but leave disappointed and puzzled, because of the attitudes of Americans.

Numerous factors may contribute to such feelings. Quite possibly Americans, in their desire to provide special treatment for visitors, decrease the possibility of warm, vital friendships. International dinners for hundreds of people, or Thanksgiving dinners with turkey and a dozen side dishes, provide enjoyment, but not the depth associations the foreign visitor craves. Many shy from signing lists so they will be assigned to strangers for Easter dinner, but welcome a last minute invitation for a family picnic, a drive to "the city" for a concert, or a visit to a high school play.

In many communities there are a few families who display genuine interest in foreigners, inviting many into their homes; yet because such families are rare, they often shoulder heavy responsibilities of entertaining and involve students in such large numbers that intimacy and spontaneity are lost. Thirty people making homemade ice cream or trimming the Christmas tree provide a merry evening, but not a typical view of American life.

Foreign visitors also appreciate involvement in activities where they participate as people with special interests, not just as foreigners. One of my husband's favorite

activities in this country, judging high school debate tournaments, emerged through a conversation with our debate coach. The activity involved him, not as a foreigner, but as a former member of his university's debate team in India. I experienced the same desire to participate in groups as a person, not a foreigner, when visiting his parents in Poona, India, last summer. Participating in the Methodist Church, singing in a musical group, or attending club meetings, I belonged as a person, obviously with a certain cultural perspective, but not as a side show object.

When the wife of a professor recently accompanied her husband to Venezuela, she met several gracious, charming women who were soon to accompany their husbands to the University of Kansas. On returning home, she visited them in Lawrence, but discovered these formerly vivacious and outgoing women had become withdrawn and lonely. They had no American friends and did not understand enough of our life to move easily about. The Kansan and friends at the Presbyterian Church created a "Small World" in which wives of foreigners and members of the church met together. Some of the activities revolved around helping the foreign women adjust to American life—customs, language, banking, marketing—but others met for such common interests as studying or exercising. Children of both groups discovered immediate bonds, and husbands benefited, too, from new friendships as well as from their wives' exchange of recipes.

Many foreigners note a lack of genuine friendship from Americans. It often appears to visitors that Americans purposely remain aloof, hesitant to enter into depth exchange and relationships. They seldom find us rude—merely indifferent or politely oblivious to visitors. We clamor for their presence on Christmas programs or United Nations Day observances, but Richard W. Moll quotes an African foreign student's description of our desire to go no further: "If friendship should consist only of Americans being kind to Africans, always doing them some favor and giving them ten thousand 'Hi's' and providing smiling faces each day, perhaps a few people would be happy. But the African looks for progressive personal understanding, which in many cases means asking too much."

Our desire for superficial friendships and information struck me when attending a Y-Teen meeting at which four foreign students answered questions posed by Y-Teens—questions such as:

When do you start dating?

Do your parents let you wear make-up?

What do you do on a date?

What kind of food do you eat?

How many classes do you take in school and what are they?

What is your weather like?

These were asked by girls whose serious inquiries in some classrooms indicate their capabilities, but who shunned issues when dealing with

*Richard W. Moll, "Aid Me in the Education Sphere," *Saturday Review of Literature*, February 18, 1967.

Visitors crave involvement in "normal" American activities.

foreigners. In sharp contrast are the questions posed to me by a geography class of 14-16-year-old girls in Poona:

What are the causes of race riots in the U.S.?

Why do Americans want military bases around the world?

What are the opinions of Americans of John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson?

Do you believe the United States should be in Vietnam?

What are your views on the recent trends in the Supreme Court?

What do you think of Cassius Clay?

And displaying evidence of the weekly perusal of three noted American news periodicals, the girls referred to recent articles on American teenagers and inquired about the validity of these views.

Perhaps our surface questions relate to our lack of knowledge about much of the world. Traditional America displayed isolationist patterns, and certainly our geographical cocoon contributed to this history. But in our contemporary world of international treaties, mass communication, and shortened travel time, our ignorance sometimes appears ludicrous. Many foreigners good-naturedly joke about or politely correct comments made to them, but my husband recalls being

stunned when an American Ph.D. seriously inquired, "Mr. Mody, do people in India live in houses?"

Fairly frightening to me is evidence that white, Protestant, middle-class Americans, may be the most rabid of isolationists. One recent report says that Protestants, much more than members of Catholic or Jewish groups in the U.S. (and white Protestants more than Negro Protestants), have been guilty of isolationism, ignorance, and unconcern. Protestants have seen little or no relationship between world issues and their Christian commitments, and "evidence also suggests that white, Protestant Americans have atrophied in their affections, are concerned primarily about themselves and about people like them, and have ceased to enlarge or expand the boundaries of their concerns."⁶

Our tendencies toward isolationism and ignorance border another barrier in our relationships with persons of other countries: our American feeling of superiority.

Without question, there is much of which to be proud in our history, our present, and the potential for our future. I am grateful for my country and proud of much of it, as are most Americans. Yet, we often accent our strengths and overlook our weaknesses—somehow sensing we are better than people elsewhere in the world. Foreign students tell me the question Americans ask most frequently is, "What do you like best about America?"

Do we realize the arrogance of such a question?

At the beginning of last year's school term, I asked my junior English students to write their views on "What is an American?" as a starting point from which to discover through literature the development of U.S. attitudes and characteristics. Comments included:

"Although people in most parts of the world live in fear of their leaders, Americans have the freedom to do anything they please."

"Americans are the friendliest people in the world."

"America's uniqueness lies in its treatment of all men as equals." Such statements indicate our misunderstandings about other people and places, our eagerness to overlook our own shortcomings, and our quickness to utter generalities about ourselves and others.

In our use of generalities and acceptance of our patterns of life as "best," we often judge other people on the basis of our own standards. In Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, even the very provincial Mrs. Gibbs recognized there were people, systems, and even happiness outside of Grover's Corners when she confided her dream for a trip to Paris, "... it seems to me that once in your life before you die you ought to see a country where they don't talk and think in English and don't even want to."

We limit our capacity to understand and know other people and to enter into healthy exchanges of ideas unless we recognize ourselves as products of a type of society and are willing to meet others

⁶Paul Drietterich, "Some Dimensions of International Affairs Education," National Council of Churches, p. 48.

as products of their systems. Recently Dr. Carroll Quigley described the ability of people to function from the perspective of their own cultural group—to have a way of looking at the world which may not be the way the world actually is. He points out: "When someone speaks of the 'inscrutable Chinese' or the 'mysterious East,' he is really saying that these remote peoples have cognitive systems that are different from his own and are therefore more or less incomprehensible to him."⁸

Often I hear labels attached to groups of foreign students—"lazy," "arrogant," "militant," "barbaric," "shrewd," "superstitious"—tags of generalization which ignore explanations often available within the systems of the cultures represented. Occasionally my husband hears the term "lazy" applied to Indians. While he in many ways appreciates the industriousness of the American, he also finds weakness in our inability to relax, even in our leisure. Whereas some university libraries in India close on weekends and professors encourage students in cultural and sporting events as in their studies, the trend in our country is for university libraries to remain open 24 hours a day, and a student cannot survive academically unless he studies intensely for long hours every day. As pressures mount, suicides are now the second greatest cause of death in the 15-25 age group in America. My husband's father and a brother, both cardiologists in India, are concerned

with a new medical problem there—the staggering rise of heart attacks as numerous businesses and schools are adopting Western methods, schedules, and pressures. Just as we are shocked by the traits of some foreigners, we also have an opportunity to hear their views of us if we listen and are aware of ourselves as products of *our* culture.

Of course, systems within our own country differ radically too; a friend in Connecticut worries that his children live in a white middleclass ghetto separated from other cultural patterns and unaware of other Americans' backgrounds and ideas. Then, too, we may discover a "commonness" with a person from another country which surprises us. My husband and I discovered more similarity in family backgrounds, education, values, religious beliefs, and goals than we felt with most persons from our own countries.

The Christian has had special difficulty in meeting persons of other religious faiths without adopting a sense of superiority. We have divided the world into "Christian" and "heathen" and have seen our duty as converting the non-Christian. One friend, a foreign student who is an educated and dedicated lay person in his faith, was invited by American students to visit the beautiful Lake of the Ozarks country. Arriving, he found himself at a church camp where he was subjected to attempts at proselytism. The meeting in respect and love of men of faith, even of different faiths, is too often denied. Theologians such as Reinhold Niebuhr and Paul Tillich have called for a rea-

⁸Carroll Quigley, "Needed: A Revolution in Thinking," *National Education Journal*, May 1968, pp. 8-9.

We must meet as human beings who have so much in common.

essment of the encounter of the Christian with the non-Christian. Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel has described the quality possible in such a meeting: "First and foremost we meet as human beings who have so much in common: a heart, a face, a voice, the presence of a soul, fears, hope, the ability to trust, a capacity for compassion and understanding, the kinship of being human. My first task in every encounter is to comprehend the personhood of the human being I face, to sense the kinship of being human."⁶

Persons with such qualities really do not need a handbook for establishing relationships with persons from other countries. Concern, love, inquisitiveness, and an open mind should prove more helpful than a list of "How To's." If the foreigner has trusted friends, he knows where to turn if he is the prey of an unscrupulous landlord, has difficulty with our banking system, desires a sounding board for his latest theory, has perplexing news from home, wants help with shopping or needs a kitchen to prepare a birthday surprise. Just as in my friendship discovering needs and interests determines response.

This year the high school in

which I teach made plans to select its first American Field Service student to live abroad. I served on the committee to interview applicants, and casually asked if the applicants knew well anyone from another country. Only two out of 20 replied affirmatively. These young people seriously want to expand their arenas of friendship and understanding, yet live in a community with over 650 foreign students and staff members, none of whom they or their families know, despite the fact these visitors come in numbers to concerts, movies, ball games, and International Club activities open to the public.

There are numerous organizations working with visitors from other countries. Persons or groups concerned could contact the "Y," English in Action, People to People, International Clubs, Foreign Student Advisors at college and universities, and other groups. And, the alert citizen can often make contacts through informal situations on buses, in theater lines, at lectures, or in the grocery store—these spontaneous meetings can prove stimulating and meaningful to the American and to the foreigner.

The ugly American is no monster, but he does deny himself the enrichment which may result from friendships and exchange of ideas with persons from other cultures. Such relationships may bring fun, excitement, anger, challenge, frustration, stimulation, broadened education, and a new view of the world. They are certain to bring appreciation from foreigners who want to be known and to know us. ▼

⁶Abraham Joshua Heschel, "No Religion Is an Island," *Union Seminary Quarterly Review*, January 1966, p. 120.



BY DONNA RUTH BEARY / "I've been programmed, but now I'm facing situations that the holes just haven't been punched for." This was one of my dominating feelings as I first faced life as a foreign exchange student in Brazil under the International Christian Youth Exchange program.

I first heard about ICYE from a local newspaper article. I started asking questions and filling out applications. I had interviews and more paper work, and finally received word of my acceptance and family assignment in Porto Alegre, Brazil. My family's reaction throughout the whole process had

been, "The experience of applying will be good for her." The final realization of my departure was met by my Mom with tears—"You can't go. We only let you apply because we felt you could not possibly be selected. You're Catholic and this is a Protestant program." But, in the end, my family realized what the experience would mean to me, and we parted.

I have always wanted to be a foreign exchange student. I can remember having dreams about them when I was very young. The romance and mystery of a foreign land and people always seemed attractive. In July I arrived in Bra-



BRAZIL IS IN MY HEART

to begin a year of life with rice, beans, and coffee. My Brazilian family of *pai*, *mae*, *irmaos*, and everything else became truly a part of my daily life.

My first impression of my new family was of meeting a mass of people, speaking an unintelligible language at the bus station after a 33 hour ride. Nobody looked anything like the photos I'd been sent. My mother looked repulsive with too much make-up and overdone hair. The other members of my family were a massed blur. Everybody was talking to me, giving me the customary kiss on both cheeks, and offering to help with my lug-

gage. I immediately forgot the phrase I had worked so hard to memorize, and stood wringing my hands. The rest of the day remains a blur in both mind and diary.

But Senor Arlindo and Dona Clivia became my *pai* and *mae* (father and mother) in reality as well as in name. At first, I found their deep feeling of responsibility smothering. I couldn't leave the house by myself for the first two weeks. I had to be trained into everything: how to work the electric shower, the idea of wearing enough layers of warm clothes to keep warm in an unheated home in winter, that girls don't play *futébol*

(soccer) with the neighborhood boys, and all the little customs every family's behavior is composed of. I learned how I would have to adapt in order to live in peace in the bedroom I shared with Sandra; the way to say Suzete's name correctly, and how to amuse Arlindo and Simone. I felt a glow of achievement when our dog finally came when I called his name.

I had looked forward to being the "new girl" around the neighborhood. This was a disappointment. I was a stranger and interesting, but I wasn't a special attraction. I was one of several foreign exchange students in my community. My clothes were different and longer, I danced and walked differently, I wore glasses (few Brazilian girls do in public), my scanty knowledge of Portuguese left much to be desired

in communication, and I was taller than most of the guys. My new acquaintances were interested in me—but they had all talked to Americans before. They had set ideas about us through films and newspaper articles. Most of them knew more about modern U.S. music than I did. Brazilian friends, on introduction, would often say they liked me as an individual, but then they disliked Americans and U.S. policies in general. I found this attitude particularly prevalent among university students, who have more access to the facts and figures of past American exploitation and of foreign policy.

What was natural to me as a dating U.S. teenagers came into open conflict with Brazilian social structure. I met the neighborhood boys and flirted with them. You don't

My first day in Brazil is a blur in both mind and diary.



that. I wanted to go to the movies with Sandra—girls in twos or threes don't go anywhere, after dusk, without a male escort, usually a brother of one of the girls. I wanted Sandra to arrange a double date with her boy friend and another guy. You must go through the whole courtship process—meet the family, be acquainted for a proper length of time—before you can go out with a boy and your chaperone. Sandra has a boyfriend, Pedro, but a boyfriend "*namorado*" is much more than an average boyfriend, he is only a tiny step from being a fiancee. Most gals intend to marry their *namorados* and profess to be in love with them. Pedro has been courting Sandra for three years, since she was 14; they plan to marry eventually.

Sandra has never had another boyfriend, nor does she want one. Most courting takes place in the frontroom on the couch. Here, as well as at outings, films and parties, I was the third person. Surprisingly enough, I was supposed to like this role. I did go out with a guy in his car, in the company of others, for some sightseeing. He then asked me permission to court me, and it was quite a sticky business dissuading him. I was warned about going out with too many different boys. The neighbors would talk, and I would get the reputation of being a "bad girl." I said I'd seen guys go out with several different girls. "Were they bad boys?" "No, just girls can be bad; it's expected that the guys go out with many 'bad' girls, but they always marry good girls."

Most Brazilian girls are beautiful,

but they are raised with only one purpose in mind—to get married. Little girls are pushed into womanhood with clothes, jewels, and ideas before they have time to enjoy being kids. Few girls develop any traits that would make them interesting individuals with ability for good conversation. Girls are forced into this sad state by society and by the lack of educational opportunities which would fit them for careers.

The utter lack of educational facilities is the gigantic problem of Brazil. Every daily conversation involves the educational problems of some member of the family. Every parent wants and encourages his children to be educated. They pay what they can and try to pull strings to gain positions for their children in schools. At all educational levels, from primary to college, frequent examinations are given in order to weed out candidates, but even so, successful students, with good marks, are often placed on waiting lists for years. This is normal procedure and the more you can pay the better are your chances of getting in. The poor, 80% of the Brazilian masses, haven't a chance.

I worked in a day-school with a group of Brazilian and American Methodists in a section of poorer income families in Caxias. We provided supervised recreation, music and art work for these kids between six and 15. The experience was thought provoking. The big, brown eyes of this shoeless bunch pleaded, "Show me some attention, I want to feel warmth and human dignity." The kids varied in size, race, and intelligence; some were over aggres-

sive and others were introverted; some never smiled. But they all responded in some way to a smile, wink, pat on the cheek or a kiss. Many of them had never had a chance to go to school and could not read or write. Most were not used to the cooperation necessary in playing together in large groups.

We attended parties of our students' older brothers and sisters. We talked and danced with them. Our openness, love of noise, action and fun sometimes shocked the Brazilians. We visited our students' homes and met their parents. Their homes were exceedingly clean, crowded to overflowing with children. These were typical mothers who talked only about their hope that tomorrow their children would be able to obtain an education. You leave this situation disgusted with the indifference of the Brazilian government and with American influence which could be doing something to improve this situation, but isn't. The sliver of the Brazilian budget spent for education is infinitesimal compared to the 50% spent for the military.

I spent August to December studying First Year Normal in the Methodist institution, Colegio Americano, in Porto Alegre. This is an all girls school for students of the middle and upper classes. I felt these girls neither appreciated nor were concerned with their education. Conversation topics were clothes, parties, and boyfriends. I never heard a Brazilian social problem discussed. Most of them just impressed me as filling in time before marriage. Classes rarely started

on time, there was little competition grade-wise, and cheating was rampant. I spent the next semester, March-June, in Third Year Science. These girls were studying for college, and the classroom atmosphere was very different. They had one year left before their college entrance exam—and only one chance to pass it to enter college in March. Most students who can afford it even take courses on how to pass these exams.

My Church experiences were varied, but not as much as I had hoped. I applied as a Catholic in a Protestant program fully prepared to share a year in a Protestant family's church life, but I was placed in a Catholic home. And the extent of my new family's religious involvement, as with 70% of Brazilian Catholics, was Baptism, First Communion, Marriage, and Burial. Only 20% of Brazilian Catholics are considered active. The realization that my family wasn't going to attend church, for me or anybody else, left a big blank spot in my family life. I did attend an active church group and we had a swell, moving Padre. The Church seems to be just warming up as far as social consciousness is concerned. It could really become a great power in breaking open the Brazilian class structure if it keeps moving in the right direction.

I was involved in Methodist activities through my connection with the school and attended a number of Protestant services. Some of these groups are moving, others stuck behind conservative values. The youth and Church are inseparable because that's where active



I was a stranger and interesting, but not a special attraction.

and the future lies. A movement of ecumenical youth UBRAJE is trying to unite and start group action in Brazil.

I had many discussions with Brazilian university youth. They are concerned and disgusted with government stagnation and with military and foreign control of business. Most of them favor some socialistic form of government. The supposedly democratic government which has the financial backing of the U.S. can never be truly democratic when over 50% of the people are illiterate. Most people I talked with feel it may take a bloody revolution to achieve a true democracy.

My travels in Brazil were a fantastic combination of tourist and native style. We (exchange students) traveled third class by bus and stayed with friends. We learned to appreciate and love this huge land. I shared in the constant financial fears most Brazilians have of the devaluation of the Cruziero. Money may suddenly drop 25% in value, and you still have to survive. Pai works in a government office and Maë teaches in a government school. They both earn adequate salaries,

but the government is notorious for being months behind in payment. I now know what it means to ask for money for something I need and have it refused because my parents have no money; they live and wait for their long overdue paycheck while the cost of living constantly rises.

I finished my year with a flourish in September. I was still not a typical Brazilian teenager, but was an observing, interested spectator and participant in life. I could speak Portuguese and speak it well. It was not only their tongue, but mine.

I took a course in teaching English to foreigners at the American consulate. I worked a short time as a tutor for a Pan American school. I attended an Easter service in a slum in a room six by ten with 39 other worshippers. I visited factories and universities. I visited the interior of my state, Rio Grande do Sul. I attended different schools, spoke about the States, visited missionary homes and work projects. I had a birthday party where a neighborhood lady presented me with a huge pink heart-shaped cake and told me I had stolen a piece of

all their hearts and hoped I'd always cherish a bit of Brazil in my heart.

Then there were tears of departure and I began my month-long trip home. We ICYÉ'ers traveled north, visiting cities, sights, and friends, to Brasilia. Our last minutes were spent evaluating how much our complaints, headaches, and heartaches had come to mean during our phenomenal year abroad. We have no assurance that we accomplished anything. We had no goals. We had put our hearts and souls in our stay and I firmly believe that no bad can come from this experience.

I am now a freshman at the University of Iowa, majoring in Political Science as a step toward Law. I am very much again one of a group and not a foreigner. But I still have dreams and memories I'll always cherish of my exchange year in Brazil. ▼

AN ADDITIONAL VIEW

BY EURANIS NEIL / My experiences have ranged from the inspiring to disappointing, sometimes even shocking, but I have survived them all. Brazil is a man's world. The only place for Brazilian women is in the home. . . . Rio is a city which no one should miss seeing. Though I have seen little of the world, I am

convinced it is one of the most beautiful cities in existence. One can take a cable car to the top of Sugar Loaf Mountain and enjoy the most beautiful expanse of natural and architectural beauty. Looking down, I could see little islands surrounded by powerful mountains. On the mountainside were what looked like boxes, but these boxes were not discarded trash; they were real homes in which human beings live.

. . . I visited these box-like homes. . . . For a moment I forgot to be tactful and nice and I held my tongue and my breath. How could the smell have been better when the pigs were living in the same buildings as their owners? The people of the favelas (slums) are wonderful people to whom life has been very mean.

. . . In Sao Paulo, the state where I lived, industrialization has made life better than it is in most of the other states. There are almost enough schools and sufficient jobs. However, the major portion of the children never finish high school. There is a dearth of technicians, teachers, and doctors.

. . . Friendship with my schoolmates was very difficult. Brazilian girls are friendly in their own way, but they are superstitious, self-conscious, and indifferent. It takes an awful long time to develop real friendships. Even when this is attained, one has to be very careful not to hurt their feelings. The average Brazilian girl is very sensitive and immature.

. . . It was worth living in Brazil. One learns an awful lot. ▼

adapted to a new life life in Brazil



Nguyen True Mai came to the United States in 1966. She went to high school for a year in Keosauqua, Iowa, then returned to her home in Vietnam. Upon high school graduation, she found she would be able to return to Iowa to attend Parsons College in Fairfield, Iowa. She plans to be in the U. S. five years and to earn her master's degree, probably in education, before returning to Vietnam. Her concern about her country, her people, her desire to help create understanding between this country and Vietnam, makes her an important young person in the discussion about peace and the relationships between people and nations.

"Many people think here that our people hate America. It is not so. We do need help from Americans as our allies. But we think that people and politicians can know the facts of war without understanding it.

"I think the news people get is not always accurate. Newspapers make the Americans misunderstand the Vietnamese and the Vietnamese misunderstand Americans. We Vietnamese just do not feel that the policy used in Vietnam is right. It is not the way the people want it, and it's not the way we can win the war.

"Most people are very frightened by the Communists. But the truth is, it is hard to find the Communists. They may be in a village for a brief time, but when the bombs come, they have already gone, and so the village people get killed. About two villagers are killed for every Communist.



TWO FOREIGNERS

"I want our government to find better way than bombing. To find security—job, homes, clothes, an education. I think the only way to win from the Communists is to help find security for all. The Communists can win only if the people believe them, but if we help the people to have what they want then the Communists cannot win. That will disappear if we can take people away from them.

"We want peace. I would like to emphasize that we are not 'against' the Americans . . . we all need help . . .

" . . . it is more of an international war than in only one country. If we must get rid of the misunderstandings and find a better way to peace.

"I want to try to help get peace for my country. And I want to raise a large amount of money for the orphans of the war. They are in need of everything. I'd like to write a book someday and straighten out what I think are a lot of misunderstandings about the war on both sides." ▼

CHURCH PEACE U.S.



STUDENTS SHARE THEIR VIEWS . . .

Vicki Gronlund was an exchange student from Sweden, studying and living in Lansdale, Pa., under the CYE program. She explored her feelings about youth and the church after a year in the U. S.

"At home I had a teacher in school who thought the Bible wasairy tales. I was the only one who ever disagreed with him. He and I got into big discussions. It was so ard, because nobody else wanted to help. They think to be a Christian is kind of corny. It was so reeving to come here where everybody at school asks, 'What church do you go to?', as if it were natural.

"Only four percent go to church regularly in Sweden. The churches are empty, but those who go regularly, go because they have a strong faith. Whereas here, although churches are often full, I get the feeling that people don't have the same devotion that they do at home. Here everybody goes—it's socially and traditionally the thing to do. I wish there was something in between!"

"We have a state church in Swe-

den. The government supports the church, pays the ministers, etc., through a church tax. Extra donations or offerings given to the church go for such things as missions and world service. Here, you go to church to keep it up. In Sweden, we don't have that responsibility.

"Back home we don't have Sunday school when we are over ten. Instead, youth meet on Saturday evening or a weeknight for serious discussions and Bible study. I miss this feeling of fellowship. You have fellowship, too. You can feel the love between the kids very much, but is it a love rooted in faith?

"In all the good that the kids do here, they do it because it's fun; it's fun for you to know you are doing something good. You do much social work; we could do more of that.

"When I suggested Bible study as part of the youth program here, the kids said, 'Bible study? What do you want that for?' They weren't disrespectful, but surprised. I wish we could have had it; I wanted to see how they feel about their faith." ▼



sons and daughters



"When we learned Gay wasn't going to the dance, we took up a collection," said Larry Kelly. "And all of the guys in the dorm promised to dance with her."

"She was the belle of the ball," her sister, Joy Williams, added.

"Our IBC dorm is like a big family," observed Don Lammers.

Surely, the IBC Hostel is "home" to ten missionary sons and daughters whose parents live in Sapporo, Sendai, Nagoya, and other cities, too far from Tokyo to commute, and without English-language schools. It was built in Mitaka, Tokyo, in 1966 by seven mission boards of the Inter-Board Committee whose missionaries are related to The United Church of Christ in Japan.

Hostel residents are high school students of The American School in Japan, located in Chofu, which serves not only Americans but persons of more than fifty nationalities who live in Japan in connection with business, government, cultural or religious assignments. Several of the youth have grown up in Japan attending Japanese schools through the sixth grade. For them, living at the IBC dorm is their Americanization.

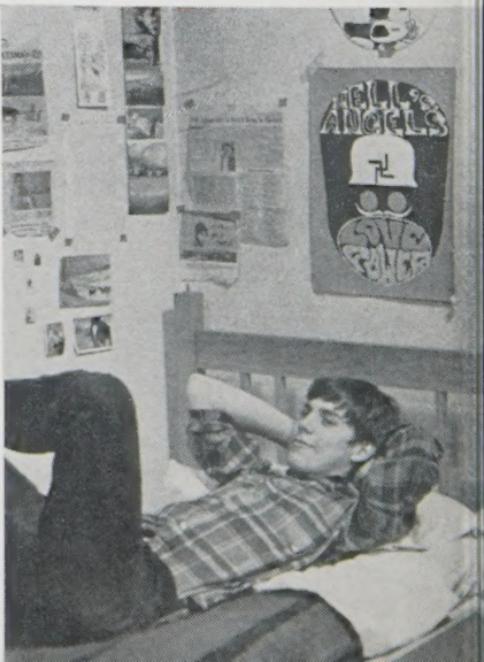
"In our dorm we've had more say in running what was happening than we had in our own homes. We had weekly meetings. If no one volunteered to peel potatoes, we'd nominate someone. It was informal, truly democratic—the honor system really! If you messed up, you got nailed. If you stayed out too late one night, you'd have to get in early the next. Of course, nobody messed up. We had a lot of dorm spirit. Other dorms with strict rules had troubles with smoking and drinking, but not ours."



IBC Photos

Of the 400 students at The American School in Japan, most live in the area with their families and commute. For the IBC Hostel residents, school is a ten-minute walk. Everybody in the dorm speaks Japanese, except the house parents. Because everything American sells well in Japan, several IBC youth model and sell clothes locally. Joy, who models and has called Japan home most of her life, is not sure whether standing between two cultures is an advantage or not. "When you return to the States, you don't know which you belong to. But that's the way it is if you're missionary kids."

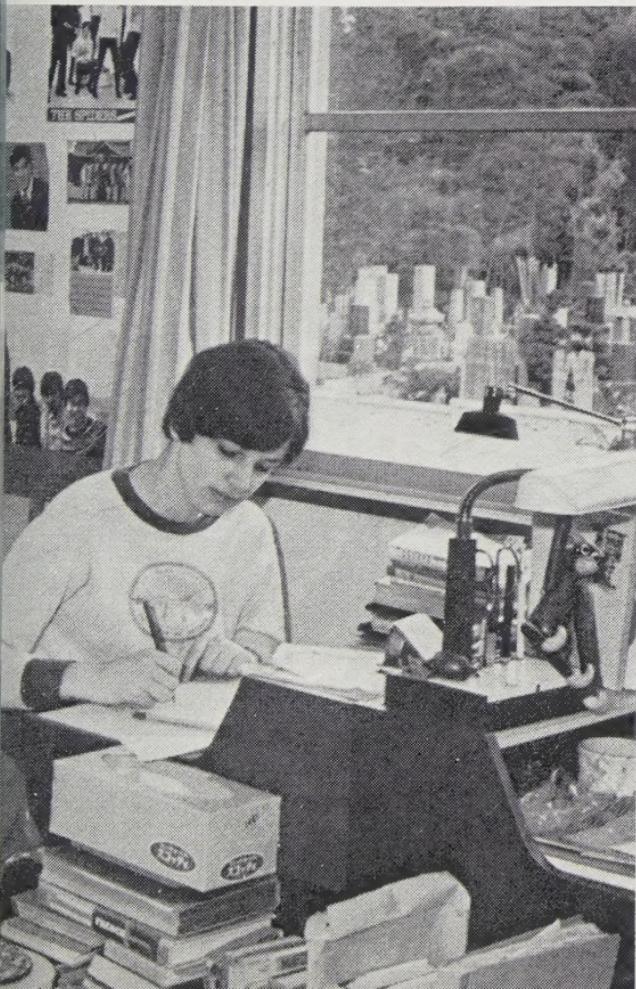
"I guess you'd say temple-hopping was a hobby of mine," says Larry, 18. "In Japan, when you go to a temple, you get a stamp that has Chinese characters for that temple. I had two or three books filled with these stamps. Since this is my last year in Japan, I wanted to get a few more. So we took a map of all the temples in Tokyo, and drove around after school visiting temples and getting a stamp. We met a lot of priests. They thought we were crazy. But it was fun."





Quiet hours are from 7 to 9 p.m. And at 9 o'clock on the button, Don's stereo goes on and everybody charges down the stairs to the lounge for dessert, TV, talk, playing the piano, or throwing pillows around.

"It is very family like—even to arguments!" says Joy, 18. And her sister, Gay, 15, adds, "It's great, especially when you haven't had any brothers before." Larry smiles, "I've never had any sisters either, but now I know what I wasn't missing!"



It's not the world of the Brother's Grimm
No fairytale land that I live in.
It's a real pulsating world outside
Why is it that I choose to hide?

Happy endings have begun to cease
There's a war out there instead of peace.
Riots, chaos, revolt sweep the land
I, an ostrich, my head in the sand.

Hunger, famine, disease are still around
Misery, hate, prejudice still abound
People's problems arise every day
They search for help, I turn away.

Where is the hope I long to feel?
Why must my world seem so unreal?
Why God, can you not make them see?
PERHAPS THE CHANGE MUST BE
THROUGH ME.

For if I reach out instead of hide
Bring my head from the sand, bury false pride
Reach out to help, stop turning away
I'll change the world in my own small way.

D.T. / Toppenish, Wash.